

Mothers are Always Right

by Kefalion

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Summary: Avery isn't enjoying his holiday. He's bored and finds it to be unfair. Boredom however has a tendency of making things interesting if you just pay some attention.

Mothers are Always Right

This story is written for the **First Round** of the Fourth Season of the Quidditch League Fanfiction Competition. I'm writing as **Beater 1** for **The Wimbourne Wasps**.

Where My Death Eaters At?

>We'll be giving some special appreciation to our favourite antagonists this round! The catch? There will be absolutely no Death Eater-y stuff allowed! No torturing muggles, wreaking havoc, or trying to take over the world. Just the casual lives of these evil little fellas. May it be fluff, angst or romance, the choice is all yours.

Clarification Note: If your character willingly became a Death Eater (IE - wasn't Imperiused into it) at some point in the series, then feel free to write about them for this round!_

And I was tasked with writeing about my chosen Death Eater **going on a holiday**. My chosen Wizard is (Riddle-Era) Avery.

These are the prompts I used to block our opponents, the Appleby Arrows:

3. (quote) "When you pay attention to boredom it gets unbelievably interesting." â€" Jon Kabat-Zinn

>12. (class) Herbology
13. (word) Tomorrow

I've also used two prompts for a different forum; Hogwarts Houses Challenges. Word: charms and Dialogue: "Shit..."

****Other info:**** Ties together ever so slightly with my story The Heart that Truly Loves Never Forgets

****Disclaimer:**** I don't own any part of the world J.K. Rowling has created, it's hers, all of it and its inhabitants.

I'd once more like to thank my team-members for supporting my while I was writing this, helping me with ideas and fixing my spelling and grammar. Thank you! And a special thanks to 3cheersforidiots, for sharing some Hungarian with me. Buzz, buzz! (One of these days, saying that won't feel weird anymore)

****PS. ****Word-count provided by Google Docs

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><p>Mothers are Always Right
****_Words: 1588_**

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><p>Why was it that he had to be there, while his father and sister were strolling down some beach at the Italian Riviera? It was not fair. It was supposed to be a holiday.<p>

Edmund Avery sighed quietly as he trailed after his mother, trying his best to keep the mind-numbing boredom that was plaguing him from showing outwardly. It would not do well for him if he appeared anything less than the well-raised young wizard he was, not even here. And where was 'here'?

It was the Debreceni Á%ves GyÁ³gynÁ¶vÁ@ny-, Á@s MÃ;gikus FÅ±tani KiÃ;llÃ-tÃ;s_, a blasted Hungarian Herbology Event with a name he could not hope to pronounce without tying his tongue into a permanent knot.

His train of thought made him think of one of his friends, Joseph Nott. He would have preferred to trade places with Nott any day; his mother was not forcing him to look at plants in some European backwater town.

"Do keep up, dear!" Edmund's mother, Aurelia Avery, called when he had remained standing by one stall as she walked away, not noticing that she had moved on. He dutifully fell into step beside her, anticipating the tirade that was to come. "How do you expect to raise your Herbology grade if you do not take this opportunity to learn? You must do better."

"Yes, mother."

"Herbology is nothing to scoff at. Plants are all around us, persisting in all environments, harsh and lush alike; understanding them can help us understand part of ourselves. They have magical properties many wizards overlook. Will you disregard this magic like some other fool?"

"No, mother."

"Then why are your thoughts miles and miles away?"

"They're not! I'm paying attention!"

She stopped, looking at her son more closely. Then she smiled wryly and shook her head, hair glinting like gold in the dappled sunlight filtering through one of the many plants around them. "Do you still see this as a punishment?"

He did. He had only agreed to continue with Herbology beyond O.W.L.-level to please his mother, as Herbology was her passion. Edmund did not enjoy the class, however. He found plants to be boring, and digging around in dirt wasâ€ well, dirty. His enjoyment of the class had decreased worryingly this past year because he was the only Slytherin in his year taking Herbology as a N.E.W.T.-level class. Not even Tom Riddle, who was both capable and willing to learn everything about everything and took more classes than any other sixth or seventh year student, had bothered with the plant-tending class. So yes, he felt like he was being punished, but that wasn't something he could admit.

"Of course not," replied Edmund.

"You could have fooled me. You have not smiled since we arrived. What can I say to make you understand?" Aurelia pursed her lips, their colour turning pale from the pressure. She smiled then, a smile that her son knew all too well; it meant that she had come up with a plan she perceived as very clever, a plan which would likely mean trouble for him. "I see that I cannot force you. We have all day today to explore the exhibition. Tomorrow, you can go back to reading about charms under a parasol, but that's not today, Edmund. Prove to me that you are an Avery, prove to me that you can capture an opportunity when you are presented with it. Among all these plants, I assure you that you will find at least one you'll be interested in. Find it!" Without giving him an opportunity to answer, Aurelia walked away, leaving her son standing there alone, quickly disappearing in the crowd of plant-interested witches and wizards.

"An opportunity," Edmund muttered and snorted quietly. "Right."

It was an opportunity though - an opportunity to escape looking at plants. He would surely be able to find a secluded corner in the sun somewhere, and then he could just relax and wait for this day to be over. With his new goal in mind, Edmund set out to find just such a place. His strides were as long as the dense crowd would allow, and his face held a small smile at the thought of escaping. Maybe he wouldn't be able to get rid of the tickling in his nose from all the chlorophyll, and he wouldn't get to breathe in the salty air of the Mediterranean Sea before tomorrow, but he wouldn't have to look at the plants, or listen to his mother going on about them with the various exhibitors talking in their incomprehensible variants of broken English, French or German.

As he searched for the perfect place to wile away the time, he imagined just what he'd do tomorrow. He would indeed do what his mother had suggested; go down to the beach, listen to the waves rolling, squint at the sunlight reflected off the turquoise water, ignore his sister gushing over this or that handsome Italian wizard, and finish his book on experimental charms.

Soon, Edmund's newly found good mood began to falter. Wherever he looked, the paths boarded by hulking magical plans were filled with people. There were no secluded corners to be found, nowhere for him

to be alone and relax. Who'd have thought that plants were so popular? It must be a continental thing; back in England, finding a Herbology enthusiast was near equally as implausible as getting a chocolate flavoured bean in your box of Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans.

Without meaning to, he started to actually look at the plants he passed. He had reached a section dedicated to plants out of Central Asia, and you'd have to be rather boring yourself not to let your interest be caught by the huge flowering trees, floating dozens of feet into the air as a young wizard flew on a broom above it, showering it with a mist that spurted out of his wand.

Edmund gaped at the trees, unable to help himself. He looked at their network of spindly roots coming off the end of the thick, gleaming, dark trunks, and the branches that were reaching up towards the sky, not seeming to be burdened by the cascade of large, deep red flowers growing on them.

"Amazing," he whispered.

"They're impressive, right?"

"Yes," said Edmund, turning to face the witch who had spoken to him. The woman was short, with smiling eyes and a thin, black braid that fell over her shoulder. Edmund glanced back up at the cops of floating trees. "Yes, they are."

"My family's been growing them for generations, but they were not originally the trees you see now. Not long ago, they wouldn't have been nearly as impressive."

"No?"

"These trees used to grow in rocky soil; they didn't need much, but a decade ago, there was a devastating earthquake. Most of our trees were crushed as the rocks they grew among tumbled down the mountain. I then decided that it wouldn't happen again. By using charms I've been able to create many generations of offsprings for the trees in only a fraction of the time they would usually need, and for each generation, I've imbued them with more and more magic to make them float on their own."

"You've modified the trees with charms?" His interest was definitely piqued now.

"Indeed."

"Would you mind telling me about them?"

"It would be my pleasure."

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Edmund spent all day speaking with Reyhan Pahada, a Nepali witch who had learned English when her brother married an English witch. When Edmund had asked who, claiming that he might know her, Reyhan hadn't wanted to answer. She had deflected by slyly tempting him with more information on how she worked with charms to change the way the trees grew, enlightening him on the delicate process and the strict regime

it required.

He forgot everything about the passage of time as he spoke to her, learning about her specialized charms and the inspired way she used them to modify the plants that were her family's livelihood. She opened up his eyes to how the two disciplines could come together and create something better, something amazing. He didn't notice how the crowds grew thinner or how the sun started its descent towards the horizon.

"It has been very nice, talking to you, Mr Avery," said Reyhan, "but I'm afraid that it is time for me to leave for today; the exhibition is about to close."

"What?" he said. "Shit!" She giggled a little at his expletive. "I hadn't realized how late it had gotten. Will you be here again tomorrow?"

"Of course. We're not leaving until Monday."

"I'll come and find you then."

She smiled. "I look forward to it. Now, I think someone is looking for you. Good night, Mr Avery."

"Good night."

He didn't have to turn around to find the person looking for him; his mother came up to him and they both watched Reyhan and her nephew leaving, their colourful clothing standing out next to all the greenery. "Did you have a good day?" she asked, smiling knowingly.

"I... Yes, I did," he admitted. "I'm sorry about before."

"You're forgiven."

He hesitated for a moment. "Do you think I mean? Could we return tomorrow? I would really like that."

"I would say I'm surprised, but I am not."

"Why?"

"One of these days, you'll learn a fundamental truth, my son."

He raised his brows. "And what is that?"

"Mothers are always right."

"Mother!"

Aurelia laughed.

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><p>The End<p>

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><p>AN: 15th April 2016**

A simple, happy story, that somehow got connected with my previous one-shot. Those Pahadans are carving a place for themselves in my personal Harry Potter continuity it seems.

I hope you enjoyed reading this, I'd love to know your thoughts.

End
file.